



THE CURTAIN IS UP!

PAINTED BY W. A. VAN ORNUM

BRUT SPECIAL
(Paris Gold Medal 1900)

EXTRA DRY

SPECIAL RESERVE
(Very Dry)

Great Western Champagne



Right in Style
(A La Mode)

MADE IN AMERICA, HIGHEST HONORS IN FRANCE

THE ONLY AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE EVER AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL AT FOREIGN EXPOSITIONS

Paris Exposition, 1900, France
Paris Exposition, 1889, France

Bruxelles Exposition, 1910, Belgium
Vienna Exposition, 1873, Austria

Bruxelles Exposition, 1897, Belgium
Paris Exposition, 1867, France

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY,

RHEIMS, N. Y.

OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA



Copyright, 1914, by Puck Publishing Corporation
Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

PUBLISHED BY
PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
295-309 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK
NATHAN STRAUS, JR., *President*
H. GRANT STRAUS, *Sec. and Treas.*

Editor, HY MAYER
General Manager, FOSTER GILROY
Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL

Terms Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned. Puck's contents are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission. Puck is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co.: Brentano's, Paris; IFM, Dawson & Sons, and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris and Basle, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.

Journeys Into Bookland



BASEBALL is pretty nearly over, football is of short duration, the "movies" continue with us, but as Jack Frost makes his bow, we turn toward a shelf full of the new books. PUCK wonders

if all its readers know "The Seven Arts." In Mr. Hunecker's department each week we link arms with the man who has written the volume on everyone's tongue—the painter whose canvas dominates the season's salon—the playwright whose drama has turned Broadway topsy-turvey. A careful perusal of "The Seven Arts" each week is a liberal education in the literature of the day. Keen, critical, of boundless information, it takes us on many a pleasant jaunt through Bookland, and we are moved to dwell upon this phase of the department as we pause on the threshold of the season when, of all others, our thoughts turn toward those silent companions of our soberer hours.

PUCK'S Prize Stories

EISEWHERE in this issue is the announcement of the award of Puck's regular \$100 prize for the funniest contribution reaching the editor. This feature continues to command a degree of attention from the writing craft seldom accorded a contest of its kind. One humorist has won the prize a second time, and the foremost writers of the day are in active competition for the award. It must be borne in mind that this prize contest is but an incident, however, in PUCK's literary program. No contribution considered available for PUCK's pages is ever rejected on the score of price, and it is our desire to encourage all humorists of prominence to send their work *first* to PUCK. On the other hand, PUCK prints nothing because of a name. Several of our prize-winners have been men not only new to PUCK but new to the literary field, and it is this element of absolute fairness that we would impress most strongly upon our contributors.

In Good Company

LETTERS approving PUCK's new policy continue to reach the editorial sanctum in refreshing numbers. We welcome every such expression of approval, and urge our readers to be frank with us in expressing their likes and dislikes.

"Dear PUCK:

"May I add my mite of praise to the others that are pouring in on you? Some years ago, when the old Puck became so trivial and inane, I felt that I was watching the passing of one of my best friends, but now I rejoice greatly that Puck is rejuvenated, and in its rejuvenation is one of the very best of the American publications. I know of no other periodical—with the exception of *Vanity Fair*—so smartly abreast of the times.

"There is, and always has been in America, an aching void in the matter of published literary burlesques and satire of the better class. This, PUCK is supplying in a delightful manner and in beautiful abundance. For all of which, thanks, congratulations and God speed!

"H. P."

"Dear PUCK:

"Allow me to express my admiration for the drawings in PUCK, especially those of Ralph Barton and Falls. May you show us many more of them.

"H. K. S."



Among the writers and artists of international fame who are regular contributors to PUCK are the following:

WRITERS

America

Richard LeGallienne, James Hunecker, Charles Hanson Towne, Dana Burnet, Horatio Winslow, Freeman Tilden, George Jean Nathan, Quincy Kilby, Edgar Saltus, Roy McCardell, Berton Braley, Cleveland Moffett, Carolyn Wells, John Kendrick Bangs, Benjamin DeCasseres, Percival L. Wilde, Arthur Chapman and Burges Johnson.

England

Keble Howard.

ARTISTS

America

Hy Mayer, W. D. Goldbeck, Will Crawford, Gordon Grant, Nelson Greene, R. L. Goldberg, Raymond C. Ewer, "The Helds," Power O'Malley, W. E. Hill, Crawford Young, Ralph Barton, Rodney Thompson and Chas. B. Falls.

England

Lawson Wood, W. H. Barribal, Harold C. Earnshaw, C. E. Studdy, Septimus Scott, Matania and Mabel Lucie Atwell.

France

Martin, L. Strimpl and Fabiano.

Germany

B. Wennerberg, Peter Kalman, Walter Schnackenberg, Gustave Rienacker, J. Geis, Emil Pirchau, Von Suchodolski, Blix, D. Gulbransson, E. Thoeny and Dudovich.

Holland

Miss Ruth Murchison.

Contents of this Number

IN PICTURE

COVER DESIGN	-	-	-	W. VAN ORNUM
A WAYSIDE SHRINE	-	-	-	WILL CRAWFORD
THE TRUE REPORTER	-	-	-	HY MAYER
A SPORTY PLACE	-	-	-	H. D. WELSH
WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY	-	-	-	LAWSON WOOD
FOOLISH FASHION	-	-	-	HY MAYER
THE SPIRIT OF BROADWAY	-	-	-	C. B. FALLS
SOCIALLY IMPOSSIBLE	-	-	-	GORDON GRANT
UNPUBLISHED WOODCUT	-	-	-	JACK HELD

Other drawings by K. R. Chamberlain, C. T. Anderson, L. M. Glackens, R. B. Fuller, N. I. Pernessin, H. M. Wilder, Frank Leet.

IN TEXT

PERFECT HEALTH	-	-	-	KEBLE HOWARD
GROWING OLD	-	-	-	RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
THE NEWS IN RJME	-	-	-	DANA BURNET
PAUL, THE PIANO-MOVER (Prize Story)	-	-	-	ROY L. MCCARDELL
THE CLUB WINDOW	-	-	-	EDGAR SALTUS
SAUCE FOR THE GANDER	-	-	-	HORATIO WINSLOW
THE PUPPET SHOP	-	-	-	GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
PERSUASION	-	-	-	BERTON BRALEY
THE SEVEN ARTS	-	-	-	JAMES HUNEKER
PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT	-	-	-	P. A. VAILE
BLUFFING	-	-	-	WALTER G. DOTY

A Tempting Forecast

PUCK'S representative has returned from Europe with a tempting supply of paintings from London, Paris, and Munich. More are on the way. Some of the subjects are so remarkable in color and in technique that the task of engraving them has been left to Munich plate makers, by whom, if skill and sympathy count for anything, they will be reproduced with a fidelity sometimes lost by even our foremost engravers. A glance at the list to the left will suggest the scope of PUCK's summer visit to the art centers of the old world. Many of the most celebrated illustrators of England and the Continent are at present at work on pictures for exclusive American reproduction in PUCK, and as fast as they can be transported to peaceful territory and shipped, they will make their appearance in these pages. There is just one sure way to make sure that PUCK will reach you regularly—fill in this coupon carefully, pin a dollar bill to it and mail it to PUCK. You will receive the next thirteen numbers of the cleverest weekly ever launched in this country—perhaps fourteen numbers if you're superstitious. This will keep you in good humor until the Holidays, when we will resign the job of jester to St. Nick, unless, perchance, you've become sufficiently attached to PUCK to desire his presence for the ensuing year. This is a trial; aren't you willing to try most anything once?



Puck

301 Lafayette St.
New York

Enclosed find one dollar
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26),
for which send Puck, for three
months, to

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00



GRINIGRAMS

War atrocities are not confined to the Eastern Hemisphere. At least two newspapers in New York have been guilty of spelling Kaiser with a lower case k.

The opposition to the Pork Barrel Bill gave certain members of Congress their first realization of the "horrors of war."

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The war in Europe has switched the lime-light of publicity off the New Haven directorate. They can pick up the front page these days without a tremor.

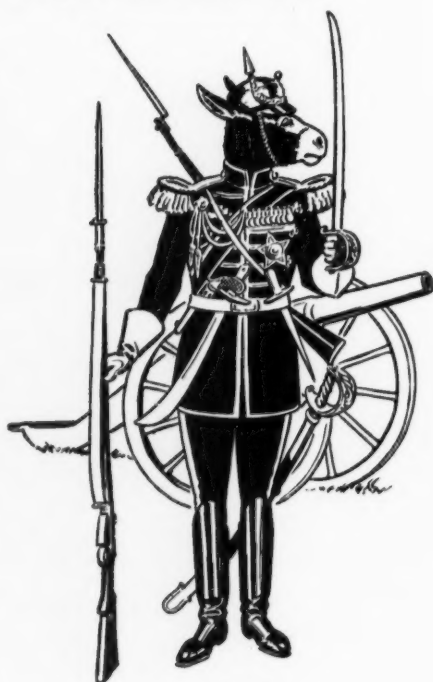
British reporters went on strike because they were told to "go 'round to the back door" for official news. A transom or even a keyhole is good enough for American reporters.

About ten years ago Rudyard Kipling threw a poetic fit at the possibility of a treaty alliance between Great Britain and Germany. Rudyard now rests easy.

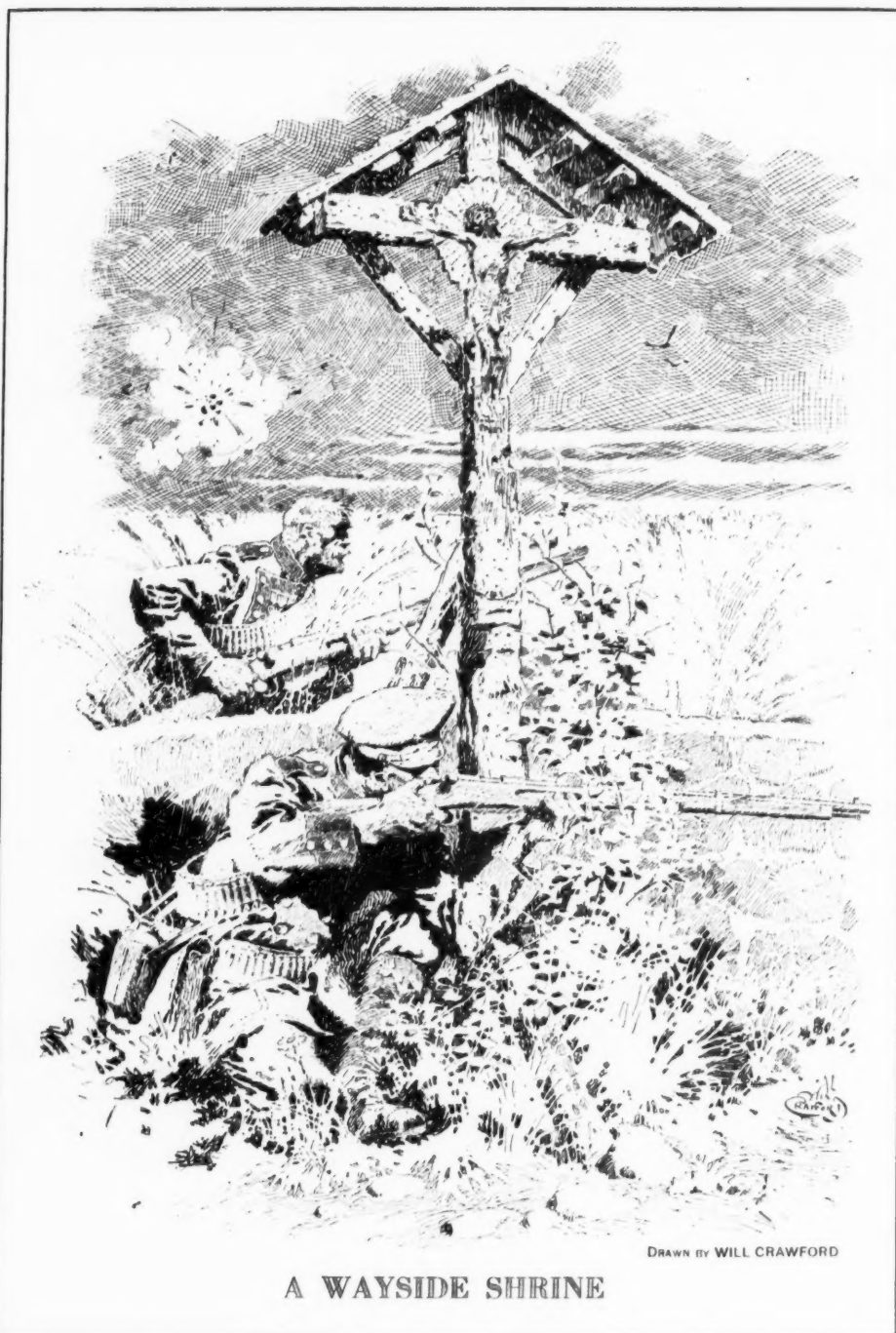
If Russia makes good all its promises in behalf of justice and human rights, it will have no further use for Siberia.

Apparently, it is but a question of time when the Peace Palace at the Hague will be turned into a moving-picture house.

William Randolph Hearst's "Buy-a-bale-of-cotton" scheme has the approval of every intelligent man of the United States from the President down. PUCK will be interested in learning what the opponents of "Yellow Journalism" can find to say against this sincere effort to help the South in time of stress.



MILITARISM



A WAYSIDE SHRINE

If "Divine Right" were listed on the Stock Exchange, it would be a good time to sell short.

Said the primitive cave-man, armed with a flint axe, to the "civilized" modern, armed with a machine gun: "Shake, brother!"

It was proposed to tax all seats in the Subway during rush hours; not a ripple of comment arose. It was proposed to tax all straps; immediately there was a storm of protest.

Unfortunately, T. R. has no excuse for taking sides in the present war. His ancestors were Dutch, and the Dutch are neutral.

The action of Patrolman Fick in bouncing Louis McMahon, Jr., aged seventeen months, on his knee while he was rushing him in an automobile to the Polyclinic Hospital, saved the child's life last evening.—*News Item.*

The child had swallowed a cent. In other words, it was a police shake-up.

Germany, which made no bones about walking through Belgium, felt much aggrieved at the "violation of China's neutrality" by the Japs. Possibly Japan regarded China's neutrality as "a scrap of paper."

Expressions which this fall may be used either by war correspondents or college football experts:

"They hammered away at the center till the opposing line crumpled up like paper."

"Why ——— won may be told in just four words: They had more speed."

"The ——— defense stood like a stone-wall against all attacks."

"We won," said ——— after the battle, "because our men were the better drilled and the better led. That is all there was to it."

"The ——— cohorts lost for the reason that they were overtrained and stale. They had been driven at such a pace in the preliminary contests that when the supreme test came, they couldn't deliver the punch."

"——— relied almost exclusively upon mass formations; ——— almost entirely upon strategy and open tactics."

War is hell; football is war; football is hell?



"What
Fools
These
Mortals
Be!"

VOL. LXXVI. No. 1962. WEEK ENDING OCT. 10, 1914

Established, 1877. *Puck* is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

"ATROCITIES" AND "GLORY"

There are various ways of wasting time, but for absolute unproductiveness no way quite equals a discussion of "war atrocities." It is not that atrocities on the part of armies or individual soldiery engaged in war should be glossed over as trivial and, therefore, unworthy of notice. Grimly apparent is the fact that modern war is itself so atrocious a thing that any attempt at classification, any attempt to lay down a set of rules for the guidance of those who would kill or maim correctly, becomes a repulsive farce,



whether it be done by Peace Congresses, learned military experts or lay readers of newspapers.

Daily we read of wounded men mutilated. That is an "atrocious." Many more wounded are crushed where they drop by the onward rush of cavalry or artillery, but that is *not* an atrocity. That is a military necessity, unfortunate, of course, but legitimate. For a few brutes in uniform to torture tortured men still further is "atrocious." But for a masked battery of machine guns to tear and scatter human flesh until whole regiments are wiped out—that is "glorious!"

The number of men who lose their lives through atrocities committed by individuals is as nothing compared with the thousands upon thousands who meet death through the organized atrocity called War. Further, if distinctions are to be made in the manner of killings, let us not confine them to war zones. How better may one emphasize the ghastly humor of such distinctions

than by bringing them right home and applying them in the case of crime? Why should a man pay the penalty for murder if he kills his victim with a bullet that makes a clean hole and does not spread? Would there not be the best of reasons, according to the latest "peace congress" standards of humanity, for suspending sentence? Surely, a wayfarer who commits an indiscretion with a highly polished, delicately pointed stiletto is not to be classed with the brute who uses a black-jack of leather and lead.

Reduce some subjects to their lowest terms and they look different. The subject of "atrocities" is one. When *any* sort of murder is atrocious, wholesale as well as retail, peace palaces will mean something.

By keeping the motto "In God We Trust" on its coinage, the United States is risking an infringement of the Kaiser's pet copyright.



PERFECT HEALTH: A TRAGEDY

BY KEBLE HOWARD

I met him in the Park at noon. I have no fixed hours myself, but I like other people to have fixed hours, and, therefore, I was inclined to resent the fact of a staid business man like Nutbeam being in the Park at noon.

He was walking briskly, and tried to pass me with a nod and a smile, but I intercepted him. I felt that it was only due to myself that the mystery should be cleared up.



I met him in the park at noon

"Taking a little stroll?" I asked.

"Yes. A grand morning, isn't it? Good-bye."

I detained him by a portion of coat.

"How is your business?"

"Business?" Nutbeam looked a little distressed, I thought. "Oh, pretty fair, I think, under the circumstances."

"You think? How is it you don't know for certain? Have you retired?"

"Not precisely," replied Nutbeam. "That is to say, temporarily—in a sort of way."

"Not health, I hope?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, it is health."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear that, old man. I'm bound to say, though, you look well enough. Indeed, now I come to observe you closely, I've never seen you looking better."

"That's just it," said Nutbeam. "I'm fitter at this moment than I have ever been in all my life."

"I don't understand. You said—"

"It's a little difficult to explain. You see, I naturally want to keep well, and keeping well takes up so much of my time that I really can't get to business. If I went to business, I might get ill again, and then it would take me all the longer to get well again."

"But what's the good of being well if you don't go to business?"

"On the other hand, what's the good of going to business if it makes me ill?"

"But couldn't you do both? I mean to say, couldn't you devote part of your time to business, and the rest of the time to keeping well?"

"Absolutely impossible," said Nutbeam, with a rather sad sigh. "I've tried that. Directly I



You have to lie on your back and describe circles with your legs

get to business I am bound to miss out something, and then I run the risk of getting ill."

"Miss out something? You would have time for your meals, I suppose?"

"Time for meals? Oh, yes, I should have time for meals. But having meals is a very small portion of the number of things one has to do to keep well. I'll

tell you my day, and then you'll see how impossible it is for me to combine both business and the pursuit of health. Shall we sit down? Of course," he continued, "I ought not

Keble Howard, who makes herewith his initial appearance in Puck, is one of the most popular of English humorists, his contributions to the British periodical press ranking with those of G. K. Chesterton. Mr. Howard lately made literary England sit up with a book called "Lord London." He will contribute regularly to Puck.

to be doing this because it interrupts the programme, but I'm making an exception as you're such an old friend. Well, directly I wake in the morning, I drink a large glass of cold water."

"Excellent thing."

"Oh, splendid! A quarter of an hour after that I drink a large cup of very weak China tea, accompanied by a small piece of bread-and-butter. You must never drink tea without taking something with it, you know."

"So I've always heard."

"Very well. Then I spring out of bed, and paint the back of my throat."

"Paint the back of your throat? What on earth d'you do that for?"

"My doctor told me to do it. It's a very uncomfortable business, especially as you have to push the brush right down your throat. It used to make me choke a good deal at first, and my wife was quite nervous. But I've got used to it now. You'd be surprised how far I can push the brush down my throat now without choking. It lessens the risk of getting germs, you know. Well, then, after that I do my morning exercises."

"Dumb-bells?"

"Oh, dear, no. Dumb-bells are quite out of date. I do scientific exercises, carefully calculated to exercise every muscle in the body. I can't show you them here, because we should probably get a crowd 'round, but I'll lend you a book about it. You have to lie on your back and describe circles with your legs. Then you lie on your chest and push yourself up and down with your arms. It's most awfully good for you. Makes you as fit as anything. You ought to try it yourself. I never saw a man look so rotten as you do."

"Thanks. And what do you do after that?"

"After that I have my bath. I allow fifteen minutes for the bath, including drying. I have a clock in the bathroom on purpose. If I'm not finished at the end of fifteen minutes I give myself a bad mark. Nothing like being systematic. Then I sluice my neck with cold water until it aches."

"Is that one of the latest ideas?"

"I expect so. My doctor told me to do it. You have a sort of hose-pipe, and you turn it on to the back of your neck, and you keep it going until you really can't bear it any more. The water

runs all 'round your neck, and makes it hard, so that you can't catch cold. After that I rub my side with embrocation. That's an extra."

"You mean that I needn't do that?"

"Not unless you've strained your side. I happened to strain mine doing one of the exercises, so my doctor gave me some embrocation to rub it with. Then I do my other rubbing exercises."

"More lying on the back?"

"Oh, no. You don't lie down after you've had your bath. You stand in front of an open window, and rub every part of the body until all the muscles are quite supple. The result is simply splendid! You really ought to try it. You're getting much too fat."

"Thanks. And then, I suppose, you're ready for breakfast?"

"Oh, no, I don't have breakfast then. I have to gargle with salt and water. I have that put all ready for me—a teaspoonful of salt in a tumbler of cold water. It takes about twelve to fifteen minutes to gargle properly. After gargling, I dress and have breakfast."

"Nothing else before breakfast?"

"No, unless you count a little walk in the garden. Immediately after breakfast I take my tonic."

"I should think you want it."

"Oh, yes, I have a very powerful tonic. And then I go for a good strapping walk. That's what I'm doing now—at least, I ought to be doing it."

"If you have a serious breakdown in health you must blame me."

Nutbeam smiled slightly. "I daresay once in a way won't make very much difference. Still, the great thing is to be extremely regular. When I get back from my walk, I drink a tumbler or two of cold water, and then I have to rest for half an hour before lunch."

"And that accounts for the morning."

"Exactly. Not a moment, you see, for business. After lunch I take my tonic again, and then I play a round of golf. Splendid thing for the health, golf! When I get home I have a cold bath, and again rub my side with the embrocation. Then I rest for half an hour, and that brings us to dinner."

"Still not a moment for business?"

"Not a single second. After dinner I

take my tonic, and the evening is passed in a quiet game of cards or a game of billiards. I take a little walk before turning in to soothe the brain."

"The brain having got rather overheated, eh?"



Then I sluice my neck with cold water until it aches.



I take a little walk before turning in, to soothe the brain



And paint the back of my throat

(Continued on page 23)

ON GROWING OLD

Growing old — did you say?
Well, if years must be told,
I suppose one is old;
For this surely is gray
That as surely was gold,
And one's years in the sun
Grow fewer to run;
Where you dream, I have done,
Where you fight, I have won —
If that's to be old.

But, is this to be old?
To love like a boy,
To drink all the joy
Of the green and the blue
Of the earth, like a toy
Made of wonder and dew;
To taste all things new,
As the newest of moons,
As the latest of tunes,
As the brightest of spoons;
To find all things magic —
Laughing or tragic —
All marvel and mirth,
Nothing else on the earth —
Nothing common or stale;
Life all nightingale,
All rainbow and rose,
All song and no prose;
All dreaming of dreams,
And running of streams;
And death a new star
Drawing near from afar
Is that to be old?

Richard Le Gallienne

SURE ENOUGH!

"Some people," remarked Morton Musing-ton, "look the same, whether going to a funeral or a wedding."

"Well," replied J. Fuller Gloom, who is cordially detested for his pessimism, "why shouldn't they?"



JOB FOR A DIPLOMAT

ST. PETER: I don't know how the con-cern's going to please all these customers!



A SPORTY PLACE

MISS GAYLY: What's the matter with this restaurant? I thought it rather good.
MISS BREEZY: It's so *very* Bohemian. They allow the men to smoke the same as the women.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

The Pot and the Kettle went to war. But though the Kettle was pretty generally victorious the Pot was by no means at the end of its resources.

"Your acts," it protested, with much feeling, "are in contravention of the Fourth, Seventh, and Eleventh Articles of War. You are guilty, in short, of atrocities!"

And it was something to say for the progress of humane principles when such a plea could be made without provoking laughter.

ENJOYMENT

A Certain Rich Woman, having run her eye over the latest report of the Bureau of Statistics, touching foodstuffs, grew very blithe all at once.

"Why shouldn't I enjoy life, when so few can really afford it!" she exclaimed, glowingly.

The wise man takes a tumble before it is too late, the fool afterward.

ANTIPATHETIC

"Do you think they will be happy together?"
"Is it likely? He's an irregular dog, and she's a regular cat!"



DISCRETION

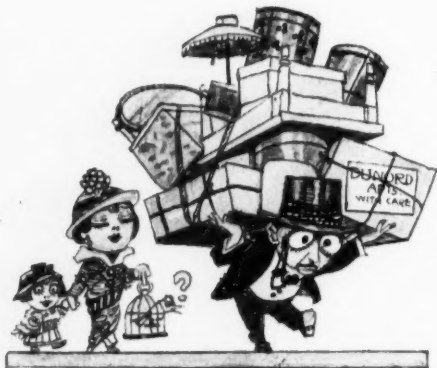
THE LITTLE ONE: Before this goes any further, I want it distinctly understood that I propose to remain strictly neutral.

THE NEWS IN RIME



Ambassador Lionel Carden
Was gently but earnestly bounced.
Przemysl may fight and be captured —
It certainly can't be pronounced.
One or two war scribes were 'prisoned,
And now they are slaves of the pen;
The styles militaire
Are now filling the air,
And Bill Sulzer is fizzing again.

The boy with a bright morning visage,
Now hastes to his ablative noun;
The roosters of dear old Manhattan
Were told not to crow around town.
But what with the high cost of chicken,
There isn't a crow in the place;
The musical world
Is about to be hurled,
And the Kaiser is playing his ace.



The mobilized authors of England
Have said they approved of it all;
'Tis whispered the burghers of Holland
May soon begin loading with ball.
The trouble in Santo Domingo
Is over — we knew you'd be glad;
The open-face marts
Have grown dear to our hearts,
And the Colonel is buzzing like mad.



Germany suffered a touchback,
Which may, or may not be, reversed;
The levy on liquid refreshments
Has done quite a lot for our thirst.
The dogs that go strolling unmuzzled
Are promptly removed to the coop;
We'd like such a law*
For the canines of war,
And Whitman's whooping the whoop.

* The "r" is sounded, as in Brooklyn.

Sir Bryan has found a new tippie,
Has jilted the grape for the lime;
King George said he'd fight to a finish,
Which earns him a place in our rime.
The hectic Italian temper
Is adding its fizz to the fray.
The city is quacking
With sounds of unpacking
And isn't the weather frappe?

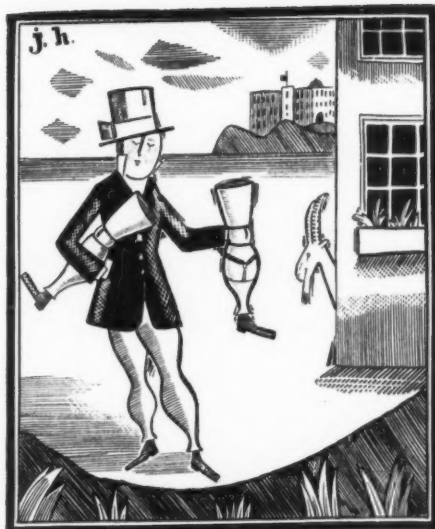


El President Victor Carranza
Is keeping his eye on the ball;
The Allies gave three distinct parties,
The same as J. Caesar gave Gaul.
The well-known Mikado has captured
A town with a name like a sneeze;
The gay college teams
Are now ripping their seams,
And there's quite a political breeze.

Sir Woodrow is still standing ready
To portion the fruits of the war
But judging from all the despatches
There won't be so much as a core.
The Tzar said that thither Galicia
Was taken for better or worse,
The Russian advanceski
Took quite a long chanceski,
And thus to the end of our verse.

Dana Burnet.





Paul called at the cozy Harlem flat

Paul, the Piano-Mover

A Tale of an Artistic Temperament

By Roy L. McCardell

On this page appears Puck's Prize Story for the month. Puck offers \$100 monthly for the most humorous story, sketch or playlet, preferably within one thousand words; or for the most humorous bit of verse, the latter not to exceed seventy-five lines. Anyone, except a member of Puck's regular staff, is eligible to enter manuscript for the weekly award. Puck reserves the right to purchase at its regular rates any contribution among those submitted for the prize. Manuscripts should be marked "Prize Contest" and a stamped and self-addressed envelope should accompany each.



To this end he studied piano-moving

CHAPTER I

"Papa can stand no more! How, then, can I break this to him?"

The speaker, a radiantly beautiful young girl, stood sobbing in the great musical emporium of Harry M. Daly & Co.

"Consider me a policeman and not a piano-mover!" As he said these words Paul Postelwaite came forward with his hat in his hand. For all he knew the damsel in distress might be an automobile customer; and, besides, he was afraid if he left his hat in the shipping department a member of the firm might steal it.

"Oh, sir!" cried the beautiful young girl, "I saw a pianola advertisement some time ago which said: 'With this instrument anyone can play the piano.' And I, taking all my little savings, bought one for papa!"

"Yes?"

"It arrived to-day. Too late I perceive that a pianola is an instrument from which music can only be extorted by the feet, and poor papa was run over by an electric car and lost both legs.

"It was all my little savings, as I have said. The firm will not take the pianola back, and my poor papa has no visible means of support."

"But you can sue the street railway company for damages," said Paul, soothingly.

"We threatened to do this, but the railroad company only said papa should consider he was sufficiently damaged and they did not see why he should sue for any more. However, they said we might bring the matter into court and they would see what they could do to his character."

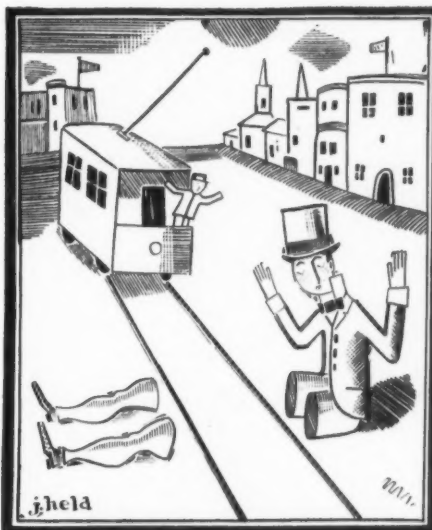
"Go home, little one," said Paul Postelwaite, kindly, "and I will come around this evening and play the pianola for your papa myself."

The foregoing will show that although Paul moved in musical circles he was neither a sharp nor a flat. His worst predilection was that he continually talked shop, for his last words to his distressed young confidant were: "Compose yourself!"

Paul Postelwaite had long resolved upon a musical career. He knew the pitfalls of his profession. On every side of him he saw and heard the unfortunates who played the piano to excess. A hater of discord, he resolved to save the victims of piano-playing from themselves.

To this end he studied piano-moving.

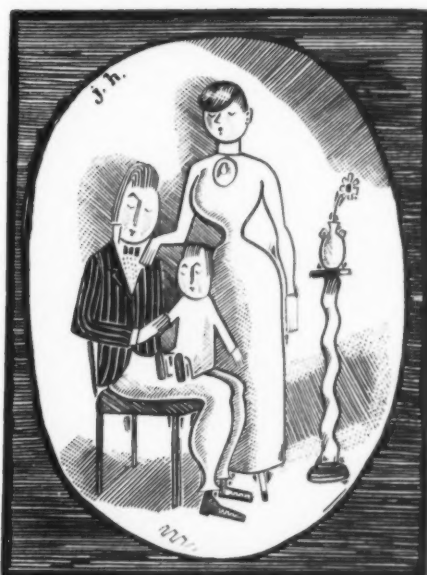
Most pianos are bought on the instalment plan. Most payers for pianos, bought on this plan,



Lost both legs

fall behind in their instalments. It was Paul's duty to call and take away the pianos from those who were remiss.

He bore abuse and vituperation, not with



The pride of their home is a Baby Grand

stolid indifference but with the conscientious feeling that he was a public benefactor.

He had the reward of public appreciation. People afflicted by proximity to those who played the piano to excess no longer complained to the Board of Health. They ascertained if any payments were overdue on the instrument of torture, and then they sent for Paul.

Paul's father had been a pianomaker. But he was overtaken by misfortune. He made pianos for the big department stores.

But while he made only one grade of piano he was compelled by the exigencies of his trade to stencil them with so many different names that he forgot his own. And one day, while suffering from loss of memory in this regard, he signed a name not his own to a check and was compelled to retire from business to the penitentiary.

His father's parting advice had been: "Never forget who you are, my boy!"

CHAPTER II

That evening, carrying with him a pair of wooden legs as a pleasant surprise for the abbreviated parent, Paul called at the cozy Harlem apartment where dwelt the young girl who had so attracted his attention that morning.

As the young girl opened the door for him with a glad cry, Paul proffered the wooden legs.

"These are for your father," he said. "He has a heart of oak, I know, and now he will have legs to match!"

"Bless you, young sir!" cried the father of the girl. "This will place me on a better footing with the world. And should I die they will be a legacy for both of you. And now, thank gracious! I can play the pianola."

So saying the grateful father adjusted the artificial limbs and was soon playing Handel with his feet, extracting from the music chords of wood, as it were, of a timbre most surprising.

This was not all. Paul secured the old man a political position as a stump speaker, at which he was doubly successful, and how he stood on public questions is well known. His physical disability, of course, stood in the way of his ever running for office.

As for the daughter, Paul married her. There is no need to tell you her name. She is Mrs. Postelwaite now and that is enough.

They are still a musical family, and the pride of their home is a Baby Grand.

THE CLUB WINDOW

BY EDGAR SALTUS

Somebody has been complaining that gastronomy is bankrupt. Well, in that case, we would like to be the receiver. Though, come to think of it, the gross assets must consist in bills-of-fare that are just like the Sahara, minus the oases. It is oases that we want, it is aridity that we get. That is all wrong. The degree of culture that any nation may claim is shown by its cookery and native efforts can only be praised with faint damns. Said Solon: "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you who you are." He added, or should have, that animals feed, man dines and, when intelligent, dines without any thought of supper and sups without any thought of having dined. But where? That is the great question. And on what? That is a greater one. Presently there will be the domestic varieties of game. These things lack ideality. One swallow is usually enough and one swallow does not make a supper. In the proper supper there should be poetry, lutes, whispers from the beyond, dishes not vulgarly devised to appease hunger but to excite it, and, hereabouts, any excitement—except regarding the bill—being absent, one understands why gastronomy is broke.

Fortunately, it does not owe us anything. Besides, to be broke is now very fashionable. But these views are too indulgent. The subject is one that only the severity of a Russian opera-ballet could properly display. For hunger used to be a divinity. In the old days the young lady had temples; whereas, hereabouts, instead of shrines there are shambles—quick lunch horrors and other dens in which the goddess is felled. That is sacrilege. Before her, with every homage, there should be placed not troughs but tributes. In Fifth Avenue inns a certain outward show of reverence is maintained, but generally it is sheer hypocrisy. Of real piety there is none, an augural attempt merely to observe the sacred rites without knowing how. Personally, we do not know either. From us, the divine afflatus has been withheld. But in holy moments we have had apperceptions of the presence. Once, for instance, in the Argentine, we supped on roasted armadillo and felt ourselves blessed. Again, in Australia, a fillet of kangaroo lifted us to the heights. And we mind us still of a villeggiatura in Borneo where, after the benison of a mangosteen, we heard the hum of harps. A villeggiatura, by the way, is not a dish. It is foreign term for sojourn which we use when we feel like showing off. By the same token, a mangosteen is a Hesperidian

fruit which we could eat until we felt like blowing up. Preceded, as this one was not, by a friture of goldfish such as—if you are known and beloved—you may get in Hong Kong, there you have something fit. Then you realize the divinity of hunger and perhaps realize also that it takes two to make a good supper—the supper and yourself.

Talking of delicatessen, the House of Commons seems bent on abolishing British titles. Some time since the French Parliament con-

come when our sprigs of nobility are no longer purchased by these exotic quails, I, for one, shall not weep." Nor, personally, we either. But we are not, we hope, rude enough to call our heiresses names. Besides, admitting them to be quails they cannot be peacocks also. Gastronomy is unacquainted with any such fowl. But Rochefort scored a point. To him, as to us, the heiress is a *rara avis*—one whose export should be checked and whose taste for titles should be deflected. It is true, titles are no longer what they were. In Europe every-

body is becoming democratic, precisely as everybody here is becoming poor. On both sides of the water it is quite correct to be open armed and close fisted. None the less, titles still have their uses. They confer the unmerited privilege of precedence, with the entree to various courts thrown in, or, as has regrettably happened, thrown out. They have therefore their uses and so recognizably that when the Kaiser made Bismarck Duke of Lauenberg, Bismarck, in expressing his thanks, remarked that the title would be very serviceable when he wished to travel incog.

Disraeli, who could also say pleasant things, at one time refused a title for himself while accepting one for his wife. He struck the proper note. When society becomes ideal—when it does—no able-bodied foreigner will be titled and all American heiresses will be duchesses, princesses, margravines, mandarinesses, whatever they like. Yes, indeed. Sables and motors, deformed hats, whatever is smart, expensive and ugly, women will buy if they have the money and quite as cheerfully if they have it not. Obviously, then, with expanding democracy and depleted exchequers, means should be afforded them of buying titles also. You may object that some of them do and for rather imposing sums. Yet in such transactions they get a husband—some ordinary brute offensive enough to be mistaken for a lord even

if he did not happen to be one. Now a local bill, not aimed against titles but permitting their sale, though to women only, would do away with all that. Having only feminine interests in view it would not be unconstitutional and might conciliate the suffragettes. Moreover, it would increase the revenue, decrease the deficit, check the export of heiresses and while it would not provide them with an entree to certain courts, it might preserve them from those of bankruptcy and divorce. And, for our girls, what more could any manly American ask, unless, indeed, he happened to be a reporter?



sidered a similar measure. We saw it denounced as unpatriotic. We saw it alleged that the abolition of French titles would alarm the beautifully becorseted hearts of American girls, who, being heavy consumers, had largely increased the national wealth. This view did not appeal to our late friend and brother-in-letters, Henri Rochefort, who turned his inkstand into a volcano and belched from the flames: "The female Yankee is a peacock. Should the hour



SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

By Horatio Winslow

Yes, you have made up your mind to give her one last chance; not that it seems like there'd be much use, but you know what *you* are—always willing to hope for the best and let folks try and try again. Maybe this time she will be willing to drop her other thoughts for a minute and become interested in the struggle that is now shaking the world. Evening paper in hand you approach the room.



Too late. Conversational noises. It is Mrs. Wilcox, from the town where you used to live, retailing the latest chatter from the old home. You start back. But no—duty is duty. It may be a forlorn hope, but you will take a chance even if it kills you. Perhaps you may show Mrs. Wilcox that there is more to life than the idle gossip of a country village.

YOU (after the customary greetings are accomplished): Ahem! According to the latest despatches from the front—

YOUR WIFE (suddenly to Mrs. W.): Oh, speaking of despatches, tell John what that Chicago paper said about Laura.

MRS. W.: Laura? Oh, yes, I was telling you about that, wasn't I? Well, you know she decided to put it all over the rest of us with a lawn-party. (Animated description of Laura's lawn-party, ending with a discussion as to whether or not Laura deliberately tried to create the sensation she did.)

YOU (pale but determined to turn the conversation into improving and edifying channels): Now, speaking of the European situation—

YOUR WIFE (much excited): Oh, Carrie, tell me quick, did Mrs. Dinant get to Europe after all? Think of her waiting all these years and then going at such a time as this!

MRS. WILCOX: It serves her right. There never was a woman anywhere that— (Searching analysis of Mrs. Dinant, followed by a debate on her probable or improbable divorce.)

YOU (a little tired but unshaken): Now, when it comes to separation it's clear that Alsace and Lorraine and Germany as a whole—

YOUR WIFE (you've started her again): Oh, Carrie, what ever became of those dreadfully German Eberbergs? They seem to have dropped quite out of sight.

MRS. W.: Dropped out of sight? Not by a long chalk. Mrs. Eberberg has a job in the County Treasurer's office; Jennie married the oldest Williamson boy; Hattie is teaching third grade in the old Fifth Ward School, and Petey Eberberg—he's doing wonderfully well. You know last year he bought all the stock in the ball team, and this year he's catcher and captain



THE RESCUE

and manager, and they say we're going to win the pennant unless—

YOU (as with an unearthly cry of interest you chuck the European situation across the room): **WHAT!** You don't mean to tell me you've started a LEAGUE back there! Is old Dan Willard still missin' 'em out in the right garden? And say, who's been holding down second base since I left? Where's Vic. Hanson with his southpaw? And did they ever build that grandstand? And, say, Mrs. Wilcox, listen—

(THE END—of every element in the conversation except baseball.)

TOO SCRAMBLED

MR. BROMLEY (enlightening the family): The map of Europe will be greatly changed after this war.

BENNY BROMLEY (aged eleven, at his geography lesson): Gee! I hope they'll make it as easy to draw as South America!

TRACING THE COST

RANTING (on the rialto): How do you like muh costly new raiment, Cyril?
BARNES: It's a regular suit, all right; how much did it set your tailor back?



PAINTED BY LAWSON WOOD, THE FAMOUS LONDON COLORIST

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

AND HE WAS RIGHT

MRS. NINKUM: Why do you think that Mrs. Scadsodeau's clothes must be very stylish?

MR. NINKUM: Because every time I look at her I want to laugh.



CONSERVATISM

CUSTOMER: None o' yer gaudy colors for me! Give me plain red an' yellor!

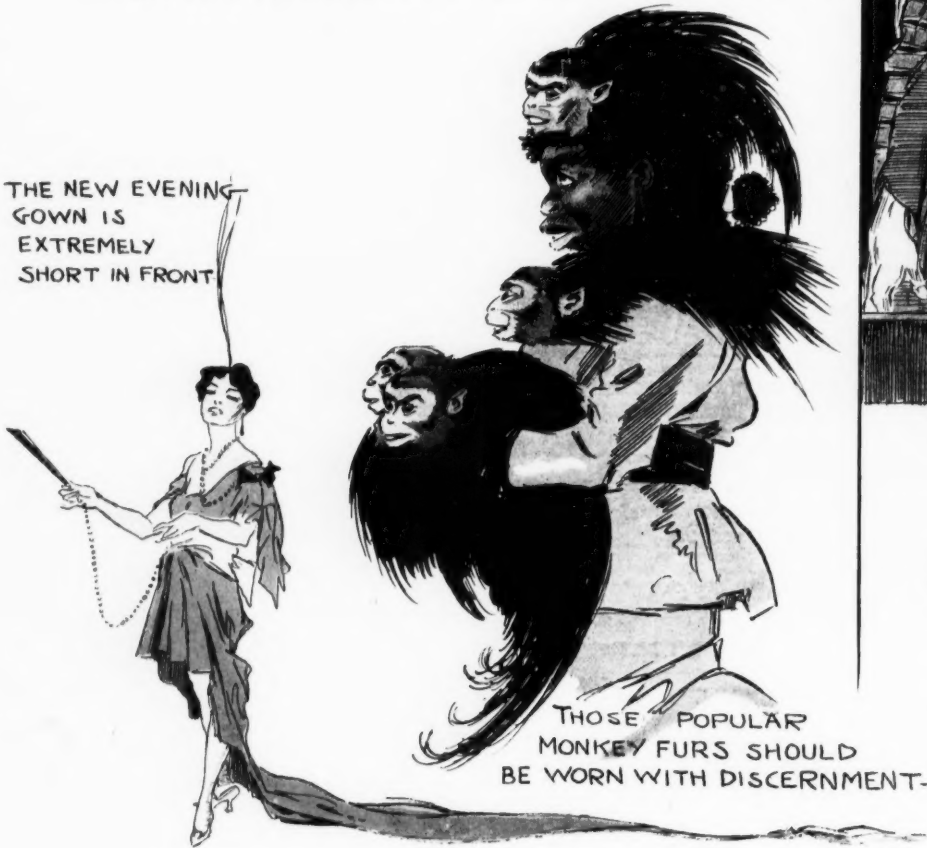


IF THE OSTRICH WORE
ITS PLUMES THE
WAY WE SEE THEM
ON THE HATS



EFFECT OF WEARING THAT HAT OVER THE RIGHT EAR.

THE NEW EVENING
GOWN IS
EXTREMELY
SHORT IN FRONT



THOSE POPULAR
MONKEY FURS SHOULD
BE WORN WITH DISCERNMENT.



FALL STYLES

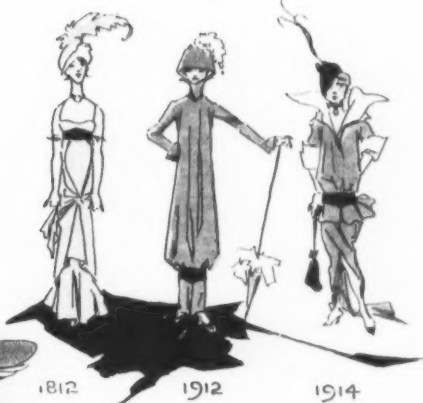
FOOLISH FASHION



AN ARCHITECTURAL PATTERN-



THE AIGRETTE
TABOOED,
WE SUGGEST
THE DECORATIVE
BOILED LOBSTER



THAT SHIFTY WAISTLINE
OF A CENTURY-



"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, MADAM?"



A SUGGESTION-

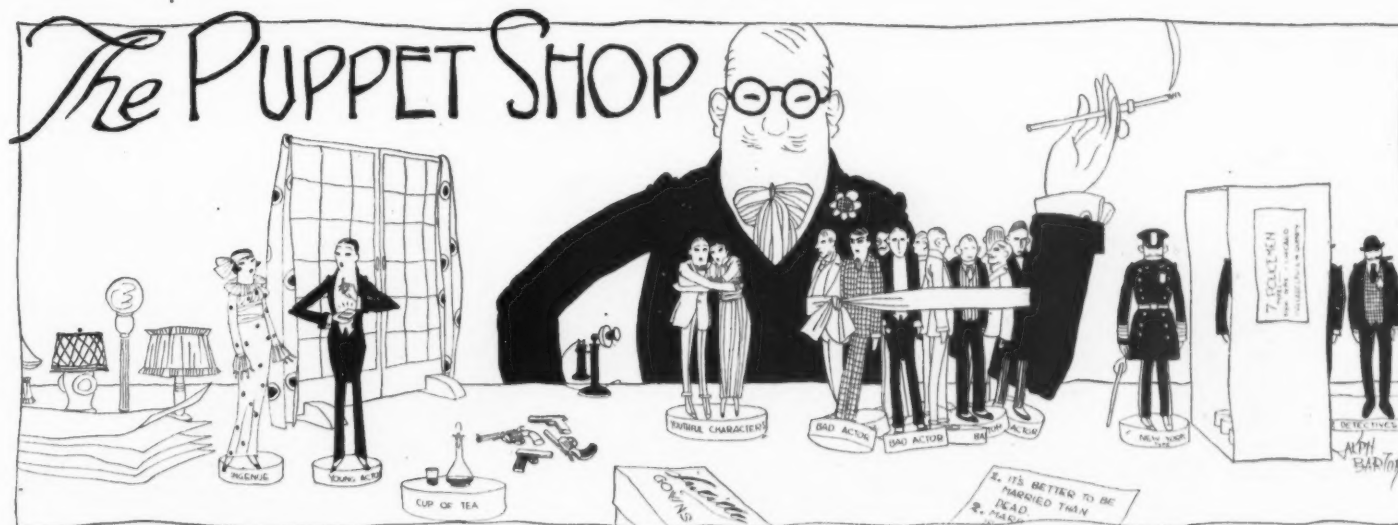
Hy-
Mayer



The Spirit of Broadway

Come out! The day has fallen like a rose,
 Flung from the basket of a drunken god;
 Come out! The lights have made a street of stars,
 The golden street where Folly oft hath trod.
 Your mad, mad bells, your cloak of burning red,
 The little peaked cap upon your head!
 Come out, gay Dancer, to the court of night,
 To madness and the brimming bowl of joy;
 Here's last year's youth, patched till it's whole again,
 Here's last year's laughter—like a mended toy!

Come out! Here's Love with crimson on his lips,
 Here's Life in motley, with a wine-glazed eye;
 The gods at wassail fling you down a rose,
 The petals of the daylight drift and die.
 Here's wine for wisdom, and for truth a masque,
 Come, plunge your hands into the scarlet cask!
 Come out, come out, to shining artifice,
 To cups and capers and to all that's sweet;
 The world's a dancing place! A laugh's enough—
 Come, here's a heart to tread beneath your feet!



By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Why Dramatized Novels Often Fail

"THE HEROINE"

(In the book)

"As nineteen-year-old Faith Draycourt stood there, she seemed for all the world like some breathing, living young goddess come down to earth in a chariot of cloud chiffon tinted orange-pink by the setting sun. Her slender body whispered its allure from out the thin folds of silk that, like some fugitive mist, clung about her. Her hair, a tangle of spun copper, fell upon her dimpled shoulders and tumbled off them, a stormy bronze cascade, to the ground. Her eyes, like twin melodies of Saint-Saens imbedded in Bermuda's blue woodland pools; her voice, soft as the haunt of a distant guitar—"

"THE HEROINE"

(From the newspaper critique of the play made from the book)

"The role of Faith Draycourt was ably interpreted by that accomplished and experienced actress, ———, who is well remembered by the older generation of theatre-goers for her fine performance of *Juliet* in 1876 at the old Bowery Theatre."

Great Thoughts of Stage People

Quoted verbatim from recent articles and interviews

"Everyone agrees that the 'artistic temperament' is a nuisance."—*Oliver Morosco.*

"A blonde can wear anything and wear it becomingly and with picturesque effect. For this reason I am glad . . . I was born a blonde."—*Isabel Irving.*

"We have arrived at an era of fewer and better plays."—*Frank Craven.*



"In Chicago I was so lonesome that I thought I couldn't stand it without calling up my sister Jenny and hearing her voice in answer, although there was nothing particular we had to communicate. So, while I was thinking how much of a telephone-talk I could afford at a dollar a minute, a messenger ran up saying: 'Miss Dolly, you're wanted on the long-distance.' It was Jenny, in New York, feeling exactly as I felt, at the same moment!"

—*Rosika Dolly, of the Dolly Sisters.*

"Should young girls go on the stage? Oh, no, no, no! I would not see them lose the sweetness and sunshine of girl life. I would see them always the joyous songbirds of their parents' homes until they have homes of their own. I would see them always happy and making those around them happy. Then, I would see them joyful mothers, singing as their babies coo, and smiling as their husbands look so proudly at them."—*Anna Held.*



"Before my present marriage I never seemed to find the sort of companion I needed. This time I have a pal. We understand each other and are very happy."—*De Wolf Hopper.*

"I have found that the use of Tuxedo tobacco does not interfere with my singing."—*Donald Brian.*

"If a man is able to create, he is not going to be a dramatic critic, for while the earning power of the dramatic critic is decidedly greater than that of the average salaried employee (*sic*), a comparison between his salary and the royalties on a successful play will leave a very large subtrahend after a little problem in subtracting the salary from the royalty is done."—*Guy Bates Post.*

"If you've got a play to write, if you've got something to say, you can write it in thirty hours."—*George Scarborough.*

"A play should inspire our faith in human nature."—*Viola Allen.*

"We are living in a time when simplicity and truth are the watchwords of the theatre."—*Laurette Taylor.*

"Early every morning I get up and take a cold bath."—*Sylvester Schaeffer.*

Axioms of the American Drama

1. All necklaces are pearl necklaces.
- 1a. All pearl necklaces eventually turn out to be imitations.
2. All old rouses wear boutonnières.
- 2a. And light kid gloves.
- 2b. And "cutaway" coats.
- 2c. With gray checked trousers.
3. All business men learn that they are ruined while their wives are giving, or are about to give, a big dinner party.
4. All old negroes have kidney trouble or something that makes them hobble about on canes with their right hands, palm down, pressed against the small of their bent backs.
5. Some marriages turn out happily.
6. No bald man is ever a hero.
7. The heroine is that character who wears a Lucile gown.
8. It never rains on the night set for a garden party or fete. (Musical comedy axiom.)
9. The heroine always marries the best dancer in the cast. (Musical comedy axiom.)
10. Every member of the United States Secret Service is a great hero.
11. The electric lighting of a room—something designed to be switched off suddenly and throw the room into darkness. (Detective play axiom.)
12. Dinner—a meal invented for the purpose of getting temporarily not-needed characters off the stage.
13. All forgers are skillful.
14. All traveling salesmen are "fresh," invariably use slang and they wear extremely loud neckties.
15. All scapegrace sons come to see the error of their ways, pitch in and work, and eventually "make good," largely through the inspiration provided them by a simple country girl.



"It was Jenny in New York"



WON ON A FOWL

GETTING READY

WILLIS: What are you polishing up your gun for?

GILLIS: On account of this European war.

WILLIS: Surely, you don't think we will be drawn into it!

GILLIS: No; but think of the horde of book-agents who will be out selling "The History of the Great Conflict."

It's a good thing for military aeronauts that there are so many fellows in this world who couldn't hit a balloon.

PERSUASION

There's such a lot of things to see
(This steady job is awful slow)—
Aw say, come on along with me!

The wind is blowin' clear an' free,
Let us be like the wind—an' blow;
There's such a lot of things to see.

Dig out, old pal, or you will be
Like veg'tables that set and grow—
Aw say, come on along with me.

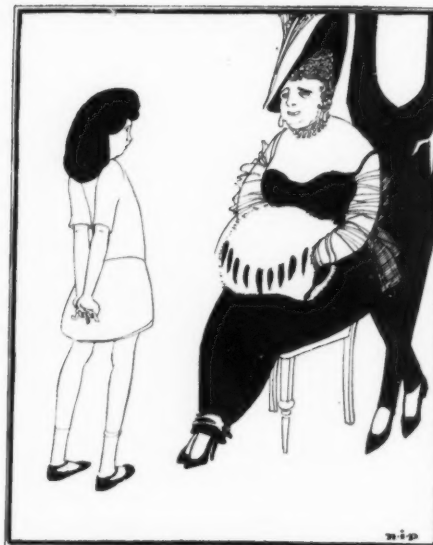
You want a home—an' family!
But say! you'll miss a bully show,
There's such a lot of things to see!

What's eatin' of yuh, buddy? Gee,
You never used to hold on so—
Aw say, come on along with me!

I've got yuh, partner. Who is She?
I know there's one or you would go,
There's such a lot of things to see!

You're bound to stick here steadily?
Well, then, I'm off—an' good bye, ho.
Aw say, come on along with me—
There's such a lot of things to see!

Berton Braley.



EXIT FATHER

LITTLE GIRL: My father says
he has often seen you act.

PLEASED ACTRESS: What did
he say he saw me act in, dear?

LITTLE GIRL: In the seventies.

Some women, coming back from a long visit
away, will exclaim: "Home, Sweet Home!"
But more will sigh: "This dirty house!"



SOCIALLY IMPOSSIBLE

"I thought you liked your new
friends so much?"

"So I do, but I just *had* to give them
up—they own such a cheap car."

The Seven Arts

Some New Plays

Someone said his chief objection to war was that it interrupted conversation. It doesn't much matter the name of the wit, because war is—well! And hay-fever is hell. But if war does interrupt conversation, the theatre interrupts war as an obsession. What a relief it was to watch John Drew and Ferdinand Gottschalk at the Empire, and forget all about the horrid nightmare across seas! But let us first talk of "The Beautiful Adventure," described as a comedy, by R. De Fiers and A. De Caillavet, at the Lyceum Theatre. It is a Charles Frohman production, the stage direction is that of William Seymour, and the English adaptation by George Egerton. I happened in at the first matinee, and, meeting Daniel Frohman, he told me the play had enjoyed a big run in Paris at the Vaudeville, bearing the title of "La Belle Aventure." I suggest as an alternate title: "The Beautiful Risk;" for, frankly speaking, the heroine, a French maiden brought up with the utmost care, takes a great risk when she elects to spend the night before her marriage in contiguity to her bridegroom-elect. Some cynic—and a cynic is only a person who tells the truth—has remarked that contiguity is the devil's opportunity. No doubt this is true, but for a tender, pure-minded girl—she tells us of her pure "white" thoughts—the denouement of this comedy rather sets the teeth on edge. I couldn't help wondering the fate—both press and public of such an episode if shown during the critical consulship of Mr. William Winter. Twenty-five years ago a few of us were hammering into the heads of the stubborn that Nora Helmer wasn't an immoral woman, merely one set in her purpose to attain spiritual freedom. Not a man's hand was on her horizon. If she left her house of dolls it was only to escape sure death through moral asphyxiation. But why does Helene de Trevillac run away, and later blame her grandmother for her lack of self-restraint?

A Startling Curtain

"Love will find the way!" as Francis Wilson used to sing long ago. Helene is about to be married; indeed, it is her wedding morn. She seems a shy girl; is living on the bounty of a rich, arrogant aunt, and she is to marry a perfectly proper idiot by the name of Valentin, a man who is devoted to noting every minor incident of his very stupid career. A diary is his way of asserting his personality. A marriage de convenance this. In a not particularly well-contrived exposition we learn that Helene has a grandmother living in the country. To her are to go the young folk after the ceremony. Enter the tempter in the shape of a former suitor. He is the son of the house. He is young, fiery, handsome. Helene is red-headed. When she hears that her aunt has intercepted the letters of this lover-cousin, she listens to his plan. They go off together five minutes before her wedding, the church bells tolling. She leaves her veil and blossoms behind. Tableau. Curtain. Now, there's nothing new here. The audience, largely composed of girls, settled down with the comforting belief that the elopers would, in the second act, arrive at the grandmother's house—the childhood home of Helene, and an ideal spot for a honeymoon—and the daring cousin be mistaken for the original bridal party. And so it is. But the authors introduced a novel nuance that made the oldsters almost gasp. After this, I said, if Ibsen were alive to-day he would be writing charades for a Brooklyn theatre club. When Alfred Capus, say, starts in to be immoral, he is frankly so; nowadays the playwrights know a better trick—they serve up the sin tied up with pink ribbons, and label it: "The right to love." It's the same old formula with a new mask, that's all. Of course, the grandmother is an unexpected visitor; of course, she thinks the couple married; and, of course, she forces them to retire. But Helene is coy. Her lover, Andre, is an honest chap, and after he has been



settled in a chair by the fire, the girl goes to her bride-chamber. Now for the surprise. In the country district—it is Perigord—there is a superstition extant that if three sprigs of rosemary be placed at the sill of the door behind which sleep the newly wed, and precisely on the first stroke of midnight, then the first child will surely be a son. The grandmother scouts the idea as silly when it is proposed by the inevitable servant-maid, but succumbs to the temptation of a trial. It is then that she discovers her new grandson alone on a chair instead of a bed. In her wrath, after his naturally vague explanations—like Helene, he had postponed

explanations till the next day—she denounces the effeminacy of the day. She calls the youth a booby, a nincompoop. Then she summons her granddaughter, and scores heavily. Yes, the young folk of her day were men and women, not dancing dolls. Nowadays the girls danced "nigger" dances till they were half dead, and too sleepy to greet their newly-married husband. She leaves in an old-fashioned hurricane. It is the best scene by far of the piece. Alone, the "guilty" pair face a decidedly queer problem. To be or not to be! The voice of youth prevails. They might as well be killed for sheep as lamb, and the curtain quickly drops. Forgotten are the "white" thoughts. In Paris, perhaps the two enter the bedroom. I think it would not have made much difference if they had done so at the Lyceum. Within two decades the "young girl" for whom foreign fiction was anathema, for whom the French play was tempered to suit the shorn lamb, this Young Person, I say, has since developed. I could measure the width of the interval between "Dolls House" and "The Beautiful Adventure" at this matinee. In the old days the heroine would have said "No," for resignation hath its rewards. To-day she says "Yes."

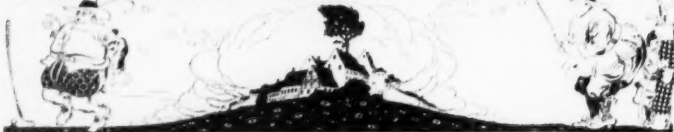
I wasn't shocked in the least at the play, only at the *The Ending* attitude of the audience, which refused to be shocked.

It is all very well for the young people to say: "Oh! to-morrow we shall marry." But accidents will happen, and there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Recall the theme as handled by that great master, Thomas Hardy, in "Two on a Tower." The French youngsters who so blithely anticipated their wedding night—for the sake of the author's desire to secure a "thrilling climax"—are not often encountered in real life. But, then, the theatre is seldom life or literature. All hope abandon ye who expect reality! With this act the play ceases to seriously interest. Farce enters, and we see the tender "pure-minded" maiden suddenly become sophisticated, and her former fiancé a figure in burlesque. "Granny" is cajoled. The parents are partially placated. The elopers are happy. The play ends in bathos. Nevertheless, it has agreeable moments. What dramatists call "characterization" it exhibits in a moderate degree; that is to say, we get familiar theatrical types—the French aristocrat of the ancient regime, haughty, but with a soft heart; the coy arch puss of a heroine, who is so sloppy-weather sentimental that she dissolves in ecstasy if her lover looks at her; the rich foolish suitor, half Sir Andrew Aguecheek, half comic counter-jumper; the dashing hero, now-or-never sort; and, finally, a lot of the usual society noodles. De Fiers and De Caillavet (how the "De" does flourish in theatrical circles!) are a clever firm of dramatic manufacturers, and from a well-worn situation contrived at least one surprise. Therefore they deserve the success that is theirs. I can't say much in praise of the "atmosphere" which, in the translation, is rather ambiguous. I didn't know, despite the "Musseers" and "Mat-ames," whether we were in France or England. Let us call it the No-

(Continued on page 20)



Puck's Golf Idiot By P.A. Vaile



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "How to Learn Golf," Etc.

TAKING TURF

Taking turf is much like taking drink. A proper amount of it in the proper place at the proper time is both comforting and useful; but, unless these "proper conjunctions" are observed, there is certain to be trouble in either golf or the other game.

In a recently published article which I have already quoted, Mr. Jerome D. Travers, four times amateur golf champion of the United States, says: "Next to putting, what is known as the 'second shot' is the most valuable in the game. If a man has control of his mid-iron or his mashie he is always dangerous. This shot is much more important, in my opinion, than the tee shot. And, in regard to the mashie, I have noticed an interesting shift of late. I watched Vardon closely when at work with this club, and saw that he did not take nearly so much turf as most golfers do. In fact, he took very little, playing a much more delicate stroke."

Four or five years ago, in "Modern Golf" (page 75), I said: "There are many fetiches in golf. One is, that to play a good mashie approach, you must 'take turf.' . . . It is not necessary to hack up a divot in order to get a very fine mashie approach—provided your club is made on scientific principles. With many of the mashies used it is unquestionably necessary to dig into the earth if one wants to get under the ball, but agriculture does not rightly form any part of the noble game of golf, and, despite any argument to the contrary, hacking the turf cannot increase the accuracy of a stroke. The cut on the ball may do so, as it does in nearly all other games."

In the days when I wrote that, "taking the divot" was almost more important than getting the ball, and many were the fool shots that were bred of the mania for turf-chopping.

This was, of course, quite natural, for the unfortunate player had had it impressed on him that he must clout the land. With that wonderful blind faith in the "traditions of the game," which in those days prevailed, many unfortunates of both sexes continued vigorously to assault the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland without any marked improvement in their short game or their tempers.

This was not to be marvelled at. The player's mind was directed—misdirected, I should say—to the turf instead of the ball. The natural result followed, and he generally found himself hopelessly at sea in his approach shots.

There has been a wonderful amount of misconception about the value of taking turf. Sometimes it is absolutely essential—"of the essence of the contract," as the lawyers say—but far more frequently the stroke can be played infinitely better if the ball be hit as cleanly as possible, and without any effort at destroying the landscape.

I was very pleased to read Mr. Travers' remarks about the change in Vardon's methods. There are so many who are inclined to follow blindly—and unanalytically—the methods of anyone with a great name, that it is quite useful to have it on the authority of a man of Mr. Travers' standing that another man of Vardon's standing is condescending to be rational on the lines mentioned by me these weary years ago, when I was a revolutionist and a faddist, because I was unfortunate enough to be five or six years ahead of the thought in the game—or perhaps I should rather say ahead of the midwemy traditions which passed as thought.

Well, now, let it be granted that terrestrial exorcism is not generally necessary in one's short game.

This is a most useful axiom, and will straightway release many from the thralldom of the divot, and enable them to concentrate their attack on the ball—which is useful enough to go on with, but there is one thing that must be borne in mind, and that is, that this pasture thumping is most frequently the fault of the club and not of the man. It is the defective construction of the mashie that leads to most of it.

Not one mashie in a hundred is fit for the short game. They are nearly always too broad in the sole. This arrests their speed just when and where it is most wanted—that is, as the face of the club makes contact with the ball and tries to pass swiftly downwards.

It does not want much explanation to show that the broad sole is not much use here. I believe that a mashie should have very little, if any, sole. It should start curving back and up directly it leaves the front edge of the sole. I have two specially made like this, and I can juggle with them, for they go right in under the ball without arguing; whereas a broad soled mashie, especially if one lays it back at all, is liable to sole on the back edge first. This tips the front edge up higher on the ball, and the delicacy of the shot is destroyed.

The principle of the centre shaft is applied with success to the mashie, as to the putter, and will, I believe, in due course extend to all clubs.

James Braid says of the centre-shafted putter: "The principle, from a scientific point of view, is certainly right;" while *Golf Illustrated*, of London,

(Continued on page 23)

THE DIFFERENCE

"Musical tastes differ widely," remarked the Professor.

"That's right," agreed the Mere Man.

"The song that puts the baby to sleep is apt to keep the neighbors awake."



LA FOLLETTE'S WEEKLY

Tells you fearlessly and candidly, interestingly the inside of public affairs—free to speak the truth and champion the cause of true democracy and equal rights. We will send you La Follette's 10 WEEKS—10 CENTS if you will send us the names of five persons interested in the progressive cause. LA FOLLETTE'S WEEKLY, Dept. P MADISON, WIS.

Scotch Wool Underwear

FOR MEN—Moderately Priced

"PESCOT" is the name of the most famous, best all-wool underwear for men in the world. It is made in Hawick, Scotland, and sent to us direct—absolutely non-shrinkable because of a new process—unusually soft and smooth, and delightfully comfortable.

PURE WOOL AND SILK

White and Natural, regular size, medium weight,

\$3.98 a garment.

Medium or heavy weight, full-fashioned regular sizes, \$2.98 a garment. Extra sizes \$3.24, \$3.39 and \$3.49 a garment.

SPECIAL "PESCOT" GARMENT at \$2.25. Extra size \$2.50.

Sent by Parcel Post anywhere in this country.

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS BROOKLYN NEW YORK

Nassau in the Bahamas

A PARADISE of beautiful flowers and vegetation, where the average winter temperature is only 72; charming social life, boating, golf, tennis, polo, motoring and ideal surf bathing. Seat of the English Colonial Government in the Bahamas.

HAVANA—CUBA

Interesting and restful because of the fascinating charms of tropical life and climate. Excellent hotels.

Direct service from New York each Thursday and Saturday at noon. Luxurious twin-screw steamers; 10,000 tons displacement; broad decks, spacious social halls, excellent cuisine.

Special two weeks' cruise, enabling you to visit both these delightful places.

Write for rates, reservations and illustrated descriptive matter.

WARD LINE Pier 14, East River NEW YORK

We can also plan your itinerary to include Porto Rico, Mexico, Florida, Texas and other resorts of

AGWI THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN



District Passenger Offices:
Boston—192 Washington St.
Philadelphia—701 Chestnut St.
Washington—1306 F St., N. W.
New York—290 Broadway



The Prado, Havana, Cuba.



OFF TO THE FRONT

BLUFFING

A bluff's a handy kind of thing
To have around when all goes wrong.
It helps a lot if you can sling
A healthy bluff, and sling it strong.

Then throw your bluff and back it hard—
Be like the lonesome, scary pup
Who's left alone the house to guard,
And barks to keep his courage up.

PRACTICAL ANSWER

TEACHER: Now, if I paid one man two dollars a day for seven days, another three dollars and fifty cents for ten days, and another four dollars and seventy-five cents for six days—

REDDY BACKROW (whose father belongs to the union): You'd have the durndest strike on your hands you ever saw, teacher.



UNPUBLISHED WOODCUT

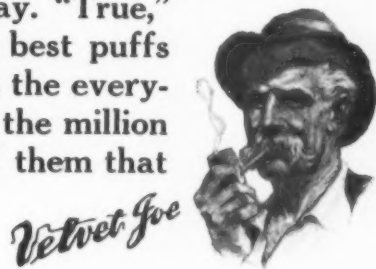
Colonist reading censored news of the Revolutionary War

WANTED—AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.

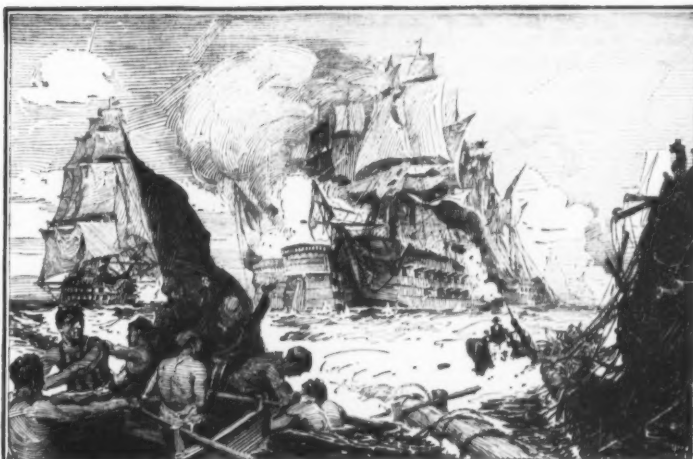
SALESMEN FOR SMALL TOWNS, whole time or side line. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods makes quick easy daily sales. \$5.00 commission on each order. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. Write for pocket outfit to-day. MAY MFG. CO., 212 Sigt St., CHICAGO, ILL.

"VELVET gets a good many puffs in th' papers," sez a fren' th' other day. "True," sez I. "But the best puffs VELVET gets is the every-day puffs out of the million or more pipes of them that use it."



Use is the final test. On that test VELVET grows apace. Not phrases but facts are increasing the sales daily. Your tin of VELVET comfort awaits you for 10c at the nearest dealer's.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Lord Nelson—Old England's Great Naval Hero



WITHOUT Horatio Nelson, England would have been invaded and perhaps conquered by Napoleon. At Trafalgar he smashed forever the French Emperor's hope of creating a navel power. Never was man more idolized and beloved—not only by all of England's people who breathlessly awaited news of his telling victories, but by every man of his fleet. A true Anglo-Saxon, he detested tyrannous powers and legislative usurpations of every kind. He was particularly opposed to prohibitive enactments governing the diet of his men, who like him, enjoyed Barley-Malt brews, even as their fathers did for countless generations before. Good beer, according to Lord Nelson, has ever been good food. Budweiser Beer for 57 years has been the product of an institution holding the highest ideals known to the ancient art of brewing. The output, due to Quality and Purity, has increased every year until 7,500 men are daily required to keep pace with the public demand. Budweiser sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

ANHEUSER - BUSCH, ST. LOUIS U. S. A.
Bottled only at the home plant



Budweiser

Means Moderation



DEZAYAGRAPHS—IV



Rodin

ETCHED ESPECIALLY FOR PUCK

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

Man's-Land of the adapter. But the production is excellent. Mr. Seymour is always a force to be counted on. Only I think it would be a good idea for Mr. Cherry to whistle "Malbrook" instead of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It sounds more Gallic.

The Acting Ah! the acting—in nine cases out of eleven the acting, not the play's the thing. In this particular instance it is Mrs. Thomas Whiffen first in the field, and the rest simply nowhere. The chief male actor, Charles Cherry, is slightly miscast. He is of easy bearing, and has a pleasing personality, and that makes two bites of the cherry; but he is not convincingly sincere, and that is the third "bite." And it is difficult for his most confirmed admirers—among whom I have long accounted myself—to swallow the disparity of years between the role and reality. I pitied Mr. Cherry, when, in the second act, he had to utter the too too banal phrase, "I love you!" so many times, and I think it is to his credit that the repetition of the stupidest—and most angelic—words in the language became positively mechanical as the afternoon wore on. Why will dramatists demand the impossible? Ann Murdock is the red-headed girl. She is kittenish, effervescent, and her diction is provincial. But she is comely, and, while she isn't French—who is in the cast?—she pleased her audience, for she has temperament. Ernest Lawford is funny and English, and his lisp as valuable a dramatic asset as ever. It is a pleasure to see Mrs. Whiffen in a part that can't be particularly sympathetic to her, as sympathetic, for example, as in "The Amazons." She frankly played it in the natural English key, and got from it most of the music in the part. Her character, as adumbrated in the opening act by her granddaughter, is hardly corroborated by the text later. She seems a domineering old lady—Mrs. Whiffen is never for a moment grande dame—who raises a tempest in a teapot when thwarted; nor does she betray that kindness in judging others boasted of by Helene. On the contrary, she pitches into everyone, especially Helene's aunt—a rather detestible imbecile. But Mrs. Whiffen easily compasses the cardinal points of the role. What an object lesson for young actresses is her diction; her ease and unconsciousness; her grasp of essentials; her mastery of climax and modulation on the road thereof! She has had a half century of experience, to be sure, but she was the same accomplished artist twenty-

(Continued on page opposite)

If you have been drinking
IMPORTED PILSENER

try our
GOLD LABEL

**Imperial
Beer**

On Draught or in Bottles at Any Dealer
BEADLESTON & WOERZ, New York
Brewers and Bottlers

Agents of good address wanted by a reputable house, in every locality. No previous experience necessary. Prompt settlements and easy hours.

BOX A2, *Puck*, 301 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK



"Football Is a Brutal Game"

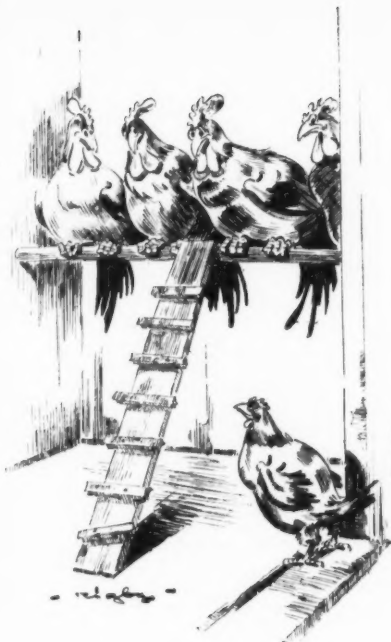
Special Offer

More than 3,000 copies of this famous picture have been sold at 25 cents each. It is the most popular print ever reproduced from PUCK. To every reader who sends us a three-months' trial subscription to PUCK, with a check or money order for \$1.10, we will mail a copy of this picture in full color, on heavy paper ready for framing, size 12x14 inches. The picture ordered separately is 25 cents prepaid.

Puck 301 Lafayette Street, New York

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 20)



THEY'RE ALL ALIKE

MADAM HEN: It's a wonder one of you gentlemen wouldn't get up and give a lady your seat!

APTLY CHARACTERIZED

WAR CORRESPONDENTS HELD NOT DANGEROUS

PARIS.—A dozen war correspondents have been sent back from the front by the French general staff with papers in which they are described as not dangerous.

Great are the French at characterization. The Germans are subtle at philosophical distinctions, but the French can hit upon an epithet that is eloquent, or a phrase that is rich in descriptive value.

"Not dangerous!" How aptly it describes the egotistical men who manage campaigns and wage war with their pens and settle the affairs of the world by their dispatches.

Hitherto the war correspondents have been tolerated good humoredly by generals engaged with the real business of war, but the French send them to the rear tagged "Not dangerous."

five years ago. Why? Because she was trained in the best of schools—the stock company—where hard work and versatility are demanded of the budding actress and actor, a school that is in disrepute to-day. Everyone expects to achieve success without work. So we have the pleasing spectacle of mediocre plays enacted by mediocre actors. Mrs. Whiffen is a living object lesson of the only method that succeeds. I remember when Rafael Joseffy was in his prime a pianissimo from his fingers floated to the top gallery of Carnegie Hall. So is it with the enunciation of Mrs. Whiffen. A whisper is overheard by her entire audience. The training of the old Lyceum Stock Company does count after all. Of her habitual charm it is not necessary to speak. She possesses the distinction her colleagues lack. "The Beautiful Adventure"—which demonstrates that morals in the drama also have their fashions—is well worth seeing, and it would vastly gain if played at a swifter tempo.

John Drew The opening of the Empire Theatre marks the opening of the New York dramatic season. Pardon the truism. Also pardon the play when you see it. It's not an appealing specimen of stage carpentry. Why it has been described as "influenced" by Ibsen I really can't say. That little episode in the first act—the best of the three—might be tortured into some semblance of an incident in "Dolls House"; but I can't see where the Relling of "Wild Duck" is akin to Charles Ravel of "The Prodigal Husband." Both characters get drunk, and both are cynical. And that's all. The new piece is by Dario Nicodemi and Michael Morton. The former name is strange to me, but I read in *The Sun* that he is an Italian living in South America, who has written successfully for Rejane. After seeing this work I wonder. How many of its ineptitudes are to be credited to him I can't guess, but judging from the last act—mucilaginous with false sentiment—I should say the English theatre has made its influence felt. But the production brings back John Drew, and with him that ever-delightful actor, Ferdinand Gottschalk; so let us not be too captious. Anyhow, a critic is a man who always expects miracles. The miracle in this case is the jaunty middle-age of Mr. Drew and the polished technique in the exposition of the Gottschalkian idiosyncrasies. As he is musical I know that he will pardon my allusion to his namesake's "Last Hope," for he has often been the last hope by Gottschalk of many a hopeless play. The thesis of "The Prodigal Husband" (a glittering original title!) is absolutely theatrical—which is no reproach. Only it is not convincingly theatrical throughout. The dissipated man of the world, separated from his wife, transformed into the simulacrum of a respectable, if not loving, spouse, by the presence of a girl of twelve (later eighteen), is hardly a novel, nor always a viable figure. Mr. Drew can accomplish most things he aims at, and Michel Giroux he made sympathetic. Mr. Gottschalk, as his boon companion, is credible. The cast is adequate, the three female characters being in the capable hands of Helen Brown—an unusual stage child—Jessie Glendenning, an attractive actress, and Grace Carlyle. With all its shortcomings, "The Prodigal Husband" is another John Drew success, because of its capital interpretation.

Such ventures as the Century Opera Company deserve the support of the public. I am a firm believer in opera at popular prices, no matter the tongue in which it is sung. On the Continent almost every city has its opera house, and even if the casts are not "all star," the results are artistically justified. "Romeo and Juliet," by Gounod, was the opening attraction of the Century Company's second season. It was sung in English, the book being admirably translated by Algernon St. John-Brennon. Both the chorus and the orchestra are better than last season—the latter under the disciplined beat of a new-comer, Agide Jacchia. The cast, with a few exceptions, was a familiar one, the principal new-comer, Henry Weldon, making a capital Friar Laurence. Lois Elwell, the Juliet, Orville Harrold, Romeo, Thomas Chalmers, Mercutio, and Alfred Kaufman, Capulet, were all adequate. It was Red Cross night, and a genuine gala performance. Of the Carmen interpretation I shall write later.



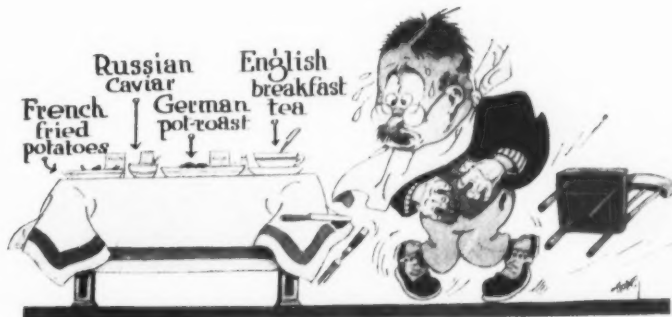
If You Like to Hunt, Fish or Camp

You will enjoy the **National Sportsman** Magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full of overhanging with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing-tackle, camp-outfits—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** is just like a big campfire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for three months, also one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs as here shown, with seal grain leather strap and gold-plated buckle.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.



WAR NEWS

"A BATTLE RAGING IN THE INTERIOR"

In writing to advertisers please say "I saw it in Puck."

PUCK'S DIRECTORY of New York's DRAMATIC OFFERINGS

Cohan & Harris' B'way & 45th St. Tel. 287 Bryant
ASTOR Ev'gs 8.15. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2.15

COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

Geo. M. Cohan's Newest Play
"THE MIRACLE MAN"
From the Frank L. Packard Story

CANDLER Theatre, West 42nd St., n'r B'way. Tel. Bryant, 6344.
Evenings 8.20 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.20

BIGGEST HIT IN 25 YEARS

COHAN & HARRIS present
(by arrangement with Arthur Hopkins)

THE NEW PLAY **"ON TRIAL"**
By E. L. Reizenstein Seats 8 weeks ahead

HIPPODROME 6th Ave. 43-44 Sts

Daily Mats. at 2—Best Seats \$1.00

WARS OF THE WORLD
Evenings at 8

GEO. COHAN'S Theatre, B'way, 43d St. M.
Eves 8.15 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15

SEE THE NEW FARCE

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
AND LAUGH TILL YOU GASP

ELTINGE 42d St. W. of B'way. Eves 8.20
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2.20

A. H. Woods presents

An original play in 4 acts with
Pauline Frederick **INNOCENT**
By George Broadhurst

REPUBLIC West 42d St. Eves 8.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2.30

A. H. Woods presents

Lew Fields **THE HIGH COST OF LOVING**
in SEATS 8 Weeks in Advance

H. H. FRAZEE'S Theatre, 48th St. W. of Broadway. Eves 8.30
LONGACRE Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

Joseph Brooks presents

EDITH TALIAFERRO Molly Pearson Margaret Greene
in the riotous racing comedy
TIPPING THE WINNER



WINTER GARDEN B'way and 50th Street
Eves at 8 Matinees Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 2

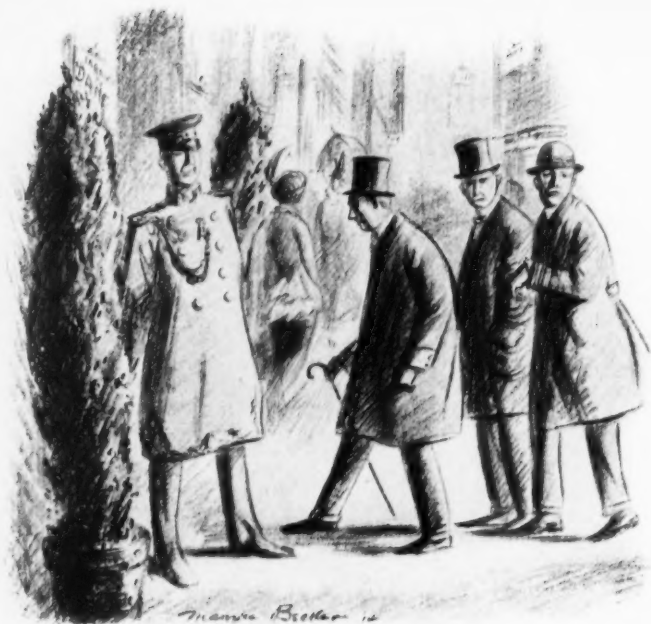
The Winter Garden's Annual Fall Production
DANCING AROUND with
AL. JOLSON and **BERNARD GRANVILLE**

A Delightful Beverage
A Wholesome Tonic

SUNNY BROOK

THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY



AN OLD STORY WITH A NEW TWIST
CHORUS OF BLASE NEW YORKERS: Time to go in and dance! And Gosh, how we dread it!

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A SHAMEFUL SIGHT

If saw him take her in his arms—
The window shades were right;
He gazed upon her half-draped charms,
The day was full and bright.
A dozen people stopped and stared
Upon this shameful sight.

He clasped her soft and pearly throat;
He stroked her shining hair.
He stooped, with hand that seemed to dote,
And touched her ankle bare.
And she before that window stood
And did not seem to care.

He lifted high a lacy gown,
A tremor o'er me ran;
He slipped it o'er her dainty head,
No protest she began—
She was the dummy girl, and he
The window-dresser man.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"
50c. the case of six glass-stoppered bottles.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO CRAWL?

It would seem that mankind has not yet advanced to a position where we can neglect the strictures placed on us by assuming the upright instead of the prone position.—Dr. Irving Wilson Voorhees.

At last we have it! Disease is explained. All the ailments of the human race have been traced to their source. Man has violated and outraged nature by presuming to walk erect instead of on all fours, and the consequence is the whole category of sicknesses from measles to appendicitis.

Now comes Dr. Voorhees to banish ills by sending us all back to babyhood's way of getting about. Just imagine the picture of the hurrying throngs on Broadway crawling along, lawyers with their brief cases dangling from their mouths, and women with their handbags clutched in their teeth.

The man who boasts that nobody can boss him is either a bachelor or a liar.

HIS OCCUPATION

"Heh! heh!" chuckled the village wag, upon discovering the Old Codger poring over a map. "Trying to find out where you're at, eh, 'Squire?'"

"Nah!" snarled the veteran. "Looking at places where I'm *not*, and glad of it!"

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.—As required by the Act of August 23, 1912.
PUCK, WEEKLY. Editor, Hy Mayer, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. H. Folwell, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Business Manager, Foster Gilroy, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Publisher, Puck Publishing Corporation, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y. Owners: Puck Publishing Corporation, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Nathan Straus, Jr., 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; H. Grant Straus, 42 Warren St., N. Y. Bondholders and Mortgagees, none. FOSTER GILROY, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1914. W. A. SANDS, Notary Public, N. Y. County. (My commission expires March 30, 1915.)



A man's mail will reach him where no mortal can.

MAILING LISTS

99% Guaranteed

covering all classes of business, professions, trades or individuals. Send for our complete catalogue showing national count on 7,000 classifications.

Ross-Gould 504 N. 9th St. St. Louis

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



DIARY May 4, 1914

I'm spending a few days at my nephew's farm in Middleton township. I took a little walk through the country today, and came upon an old hostelry where I was well pleased to find some fine

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

A straight Pennsylvania Rye with all the goodness of ripe old age. Mellowed in oak and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



The Nation

is written and edited in the quiet depths of a library, where the heat of passion and strife is barred, but next door to the news department of America's greatest newspaper—The New York Evening Post. Information from the ends of the world dissected in a mental laboratory where the balances are on a solid rock foundation and the standards of judgment adjusted to a millimetre. Facts and honest conclusions have made The Nation America's greatest weekly—JAMES BRYCE says "the greatest of the world."

\$3 A YEAR

For Special Offer
Use the Coupon

50 cents enclosed.
Send for 13 Weeks
The Nation

Address The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, N. Y. City

PERFECT HEALTH

(Continued from page 6)

"Well, the artificial light, you know. Bad for the eyes and nerves. One of the evils of this dreadfully artificial life."

"You feel that you would like to be a child of nature?"

"Exactly. The height of my ambition is to live like a bird."

"Or a fish?" I suggested.

"Yes, a fish might do, but I doubt whether I could stand so much damp. Well, then I paint my throat again."

"Just to scare off any germs that might be knocking about during the night?"

"Exactly. After that I drink a tumbler of boiling hot water."

"Doesn't that wash off some of the paint?"

Nutbeam suddenly looked very grave.

"By Jove, I never thought of that! I must ask my doctor about that." He made a little note in his pocket-book. "After the hot water I again gargle my throat with salt and water. And the last thing of all, I take a dessert-spoonful of petroleum."

"Good gracious! Is that for the carburetor?"

"Everybody almost is taking petroleum nowadays," Nutbeam explained kindly.

"Then I'm one of the almost."

"I'm sorry for that. It would do you a world of good."

He drew a little box from his pocket, took out a lozenge, and popped it into his mouth.

"Here!" I cried. "You didn't say anything about lozenges! Is that part of the system?"

Nutbeam looked cautiously about him before replying.

"A little idea of my own," he whispered. "Don't tell my doctor if you happen to meet him. I saw these advertised in a paper, and the advertiser thought so highly of them that I bought a box. They fill in the gaps."

"But, my dear fellow, is it possible that there are any gaps?"

"There might be. I like to keep on the safe side."

He rose, squared his shoulders, and stamped the ground. Evidently he was chafing to be off.

"By the way," I said, "I forgot to ask after your wife. Is she fit and well also?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Nutbeam, with a rather worried look. "I can't make it out. She seems to be suffering from some kind of strain. Well, I mustn't stay here chattering, or I may catch cold. Good-bye."

He was off down the avenue at five miles an hour. As he turned the corner I saw him pop another lozenge into his mouth.

My heart ached for little Mrs. Nutbeam. I felt that I ought to call on her during the golf.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. F. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ADMONISHING HIM

"My son, learn to say 'No!'" admonitorily said the Hon. Thomas Rott. "It will give you a reputation for firmness and decision and will not in the least prevent you from running for office at the earnest solicitation of your many friends whenever you get an opportunity."

NEW FASHION

WILLIS: Where were you last night?

GILLIS: At a "neutral luncheon."

WILLIS: What's that?

GILLIS: The latest. We had American beer, spaghetti, turkey, Spanish wine, and it was a Dutch treat.

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 18)

the authoritative organ of the game, says: "We are quite satisfied that for a putter the principle is perfectly correct, both from a scientific and a practical point of view."

This sounds well enough, but there is stronger evidence yet of the soundness of this principle.

George Duncan made history when he beat J. H. Taylor, five times open champion of Great Britain, at Lee-on-Solent, in England, for he used the Vaile putter. The centre-shafted putter made its first appearance in first-class golf that day, and contributed in no small degree to the downfall of Taylor, for Duncan putted brilliantly with it.

Now, what I want to ask you is this: If the principle is right for the putter, why does it cease to be right at the edge of the green? Believe me, that it is, if anything, righter for the mashie.

Let me remind you that originally every ball-smiting implement was crooked or curved. Probably the original bat was a curved bough, so used for convenience in hitting some object on the earth.

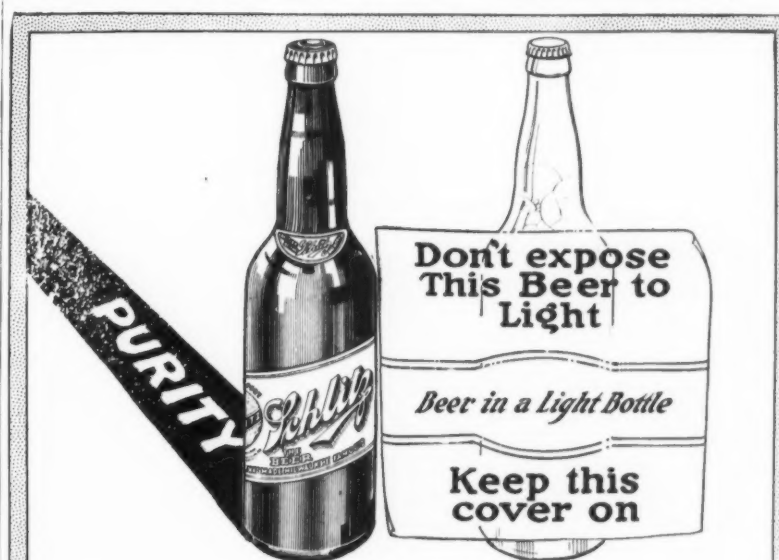
At first the tennis racket, the cricket bat, la crosse, and even the billiard cue were curved or crooked. These have all been straightened so that the blow falls in one line.

The golf club originally had a very long head. Now it is shrinking in towards the shaft, and Harry Vardon says that this tendency is well justified.

Think this over. Make up your mind in the meantime that the principle is good for the mashie as well as the putter.

Remember to have your mashie sole properly shaped; see that the face is marked properly, so that it gets a proper grip of the ball, which not one iron club in a hundred does; and, above everything else, forget about the earth. Hit the ball the way you want to, and let the earth take care of itself.

You need not trouble about it, for it is only what may be termed the surplus shock absorber.



Why Risk Decay?

Pure beer is food.

Light starts decay even in pure beer.

Any beer in a light bottle is exposed to danger of impurity.

Why should you risk this decay?

Why should any brewer ask you to?

Schlitz Brown Bottle keeps out light and protects the purity.

No skunky taste in Schlitz.

Get **Schlitz** in Brown Bottles
Order a Case Today
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Puck."

THE WAR

Charles W. Eliot

H. G. Wells

Arnold Bennett

Henry W. Steed

George Creel

John Masfield

David Starr Jordan

are war contributors to **Harper's Weekly**. Each issue sees others added to the list.

Cesare

Boardman Robinson

Oliver Herford

Morris

Rollin Kirby

F. Luis Mora

are our cartoonists.

Norman Hapgood

has a war article in each issue besides his editorials.

During the war and after, during the period of the great settlement, you want

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Cut off the coupon, and mail it to us with a \$2.00 bill at our risk for six months of HARPER'S WEEKLY — 26 great war time issues. And act now.

We are mighty busy right now entering subscriptions, and you don't want to miss an issue.

Harper's Weekly
251 Fourth Avenue
New York City

\$2.60 worth of Harper's Weekly for \$2.00

HARPER'S WEEKLY
251 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

For this coupon and the enclosed \$2.00 please enter my subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY for six months, beginning with the first possible issue.

Name

Address P1010



Where New York's Social Activities Reach Their Height



Here, in an atmosphere surcharged with the dash and spirit of Manhattan—buoyant, brilliant, scintillating—and suffused with refinement, one finds a phase of restaurant life representing the social activities of New York at their zenith.

To those who appreciate supreme artistic beauty combined with good taste, as the environment in which to dine, Churchill's will especially appeal. Newly decorated and refurnished, Churchill's is regarded as New York's most beautiful restaurant.

Aside from its atmosphere and appointments, dining at Churchill's will reveal why it is pre-eminently popular with the discriminating—



Churchill's has created a new era in restaurant service in its cuisine accorded to be the superior of any in New York, and in its Special Dinner, six to nine, \$1.25, of superlative excellence.

And, similarly, its Cabaret Unique has struck a new and superior note in restaurant entertainment.

Cabaret Unique

Twenty Acts—Every Evening
Seven to One

Dancing

In New York's
Handsomest Ballroom

With the devotees of dancing, Churchill's Ballroom is extremely popular. Music by Dan Caslar.

Special Luncheon 75c

Churchill's is also held in distinctive favor by New York's smart women for Luncheon—both for its a la carte service and for its Special Luncheon, 75c, which marks a striking innovation in view of its unequaled merit for the charge.



CHURCHILL'S

"More Than a Restaurant—A Broadway Institution"

Broadway at Forty-ninth Street